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Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth
held.

Then, being ask'd, where all thy beauties
lies,

Where all the treasure of thy lusty days?
To say, within thy own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless
praise;

How much more praise deserv'd thy beauties
use,

If thou could'st answer... This fair child of
mine

Shall sum my count, and make my old
excuse.

Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new-made when thou art
old,

And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st
it cold.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOURTH.

The pallid tint of loveliness which threw
A tender cloud upon her smiling face,

Came to my heart with such an awful grace,
That in my looks, that heart to meet it flew,

Then how, in paradise, the blessed view
Each other I perceiv'd: e'en so took place,

The gentle sentiment none else could
trace,

Save me, whose gaze no other object knew,
The most angelic look that thou could'st
wear,

The mildest manners female love could
show

Compar'd with what I sing might scorn
appear;

To earth she calmly bent her decent brow,
And silently she said, or seem'd to say,

"Who bears far hence my faithful friend
away?"

PETARCH.

FIFTH.

Mary, I want a lyre with other strings;
Such aid from heaven, as some have feign'd
they drew!

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new,
And undebas'd by praise of meaner things!

That e'er thro' age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth, with honour due,

In verse as musical, as thou art true,
Verse... that immortalizes whom it sings!

But thou hast little need: There is a
Book,

By Seraphs writ, with beams of heavenly
light,

On which the eyes of God not rarely look...

A chronicle of actions, just and bright!
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary,

shine,

And since thou own'st that praise, I spare
thee mine.

COWPER.

This appears written "*con-amore*," we may
add, "*divino*."

SIXTH.

Is it to love, to fix the tender gaze,
To hide the timid blush, and steal away,

To shun the busy world, and waste the
day,

In some rude mountain's solitary maze?

Is it to chaunt one name, in ceaseless lays,
To hear no words, that other tongues

can say,

To watch the pale moon's melancholy
ray,

To chide in fondness, and in folly praise?

Is it to pour th' involuntary sigh,

To dream of bliss, and wake, new pangs
to prove;

To talk in fancy with the speaking eye,

Then start with jealousy, and idly rove,

Is it to loath the light, and wish to die?

For these I feel, and feel that they are...

LOVE.

SIR E. BURGESS.

SEVENTH.

Thrice happy he, whom by some shady
grove,

Far from the clam'rous world doth live,
his own;

Tho' solitary, who is not alone;

But doth converse with that eternal love.

O how more sweet is bird's harmonious
moan,

Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed
dove,

Than those smooth whisp'rings near a
prince's throne,

Which good make doubtful, do the ill ap-
prove.

O how more sweet is Zephyr's balmy
breath,

And sighs embalm'd which new-born flow-
ers unfold,

Than that applause vain honours doth
bequeath:

How sweet are streams, to poison drank in
gold;

The world is full of horrors, troubles,
slights,

Woods, harmless shades, have only true
delights.

PRYMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN.